

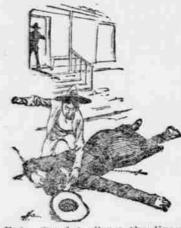
Copyright, 1897, by Richard Linthicum. PART 1.

The sheep were in the folds on the mesa. The brenzed shepherds of El Rito had eaten their tortilias and chili can carne, smaked their corn bask eigerettes, spread their colchans on the floors of their buts, deroofly said their prayers and gone to

The faithful sentinels that guarded the heepfolds were all sleeping, but with one eye open and one car cocked; no prowling corote might hope to enter the loosely constructed certai and statch a weak lambkin, for the scent of the sentineis was keen, their hearing acute, their courage above sompleion, and their intelligence but little less then human. Man is not so universafty faithful to his trust as is the shepherd

It was a night in early spring. The beavens were radiant with stars. The air was soft, and laden with the fragrance of the sprouting sage. Each star shope with a brilliancy that would have rivaled that blazing forerunner of the seven wise men-lighting the scene as fairly as would a crescent moon in a less clear and tranquil atmosphere. And in this glorious star light hovered the spirits of peace and con test. Here were a people, patient in poverty, happy in ignorance and as pious as were those amongst whom dwelt the Virgin that brought forth a Messiah.

The must town of Li Kito was in darkness save for a signle light that snone from a window in the house of the good priest, Padre Ramon. It was 10 o'clock, so there was none to see the light nor remark



Pedro Teled to Rosse the Uncol scions Priest.

the unseemly bour kept by the spiritua pastor of a flock as threek and gentle as the white herds in the sheepfolds. The good priest, was alone, he sat with bowed head beside a table and pressed his hands against his brow. There was a look of pfering upon his hendsome, clean shave face; his eyes, which had ever looked with gentleness upon his people, were now wide and glaring, he was as one ill unto death. But Padre Ramon suffered nophysical ament; he was all mentally and sick at heart. Nature had no berb; the alchemist no drug to calm his troubled mind or stop the acte within his breast,

Manuel School (that was Padre Ramon's name; was born for the world, fate gave him to the church. He had all the physica graces and manly accomplishments that xeste the admiration and win the love or Women. His was a strong, passionate na ture, but the fires of his blood were held in check by the cool currents of his mind. Twenty years had passed since Manne Salazar had presented himself to the provincial and craved admittance to the So ciety of Jesus, during those twenty year Lorola had no more devoted disciple Manuel's deisre to be a Jesuit was not the result of a devotional spirit, but rather that he toght by life service to the church and the holy order redeem himself from at ce which fate had darkened and anddened:

When a youth of eighteen he was be trothed to Afcaria de Vargus, whose father's large estate was adjacent to that of Manuel's father, in Southern New Mextoo. She was in every respect worthy to be his bride; she had youth, beauty and culture, and together with an only brother two years her senior would inherit the acres and vast herds of Don Antonio de Vargas. Alcarata's life had been lived outside of towns and cities, so that her purity had not been tarnished, nor her ity lessened by contact with aggre gated humanity. Her ancestry dated back to the Conquest, and in her veins flowed the sangre agui of Castile.

The Falazars had pought of which to be ashamed; their blood, also, was blue and their wealth great. Don Diego Sal-azar looked forward with pride to the union that was to link his honored family while Don Antonio regarded Manuel as the most eligible of sons-in-law. The marriage was never celebrated.

One evening a week previous to the companied by Enrique de Vargas, Alby to complete some arrangements for the approaching festivities. They sepmrated early in the evening, making an agreement to meet at 10 o'clock in the plaza, where they had left their borses. was not there at the appointed He had many friends in the town and Manuel took it for granted that he had been unavoidably detained by some of them. After waiting nearly an hour Manuel went in search of his tardy companion To all of his inquiries there was the same answer; no one had seen Enrique since early in the evening when he had ridden into town.

Manuel's worst fears were realized. It was midnight when he found Enriquein a gaming house. The youthful scion of the house of De Vargas had the seat of honor, opposite the dealer, while smaller players crowded around him. There was a scowl on Enrique's flushed face as he ned his money on a queen, the opposing card being a jack. The monte dealer be gan to slowly draw the cards one by one from the pack in his hands. Enrique called out each card as it fell upon the table; his voice was thick but defiant. It was at once apparent to Manuel that Enrique was drank, and in an ugly mood, he had been loong, and was exasperated almost

"Jack." called the dealer, showing the card, and taking the money Enrique had staked.

"Show me the queen," cried Enrique angrity, as he arose and pushed back everal of the players on either hand. There was a queen in the first layout and if wen; now show me the other one." "Does the senor think-" began the

gambler, but Enrique cut him short.
"Never mind what I think, show me
the queen." said Enrique. His eyes glittered with rage and his attitude was menscing

Manuel made his way to the table and placed one hand on Enrique's shoulder.

"Enrique-" he began. "You stand aside," commanded the en raged youth; "this is my affair," Then irning to the gambler he almost shricked, Show me that queen or I'll cut your

beart out." A knife flashed in Enrique's right hand The monte dealer threw the cards upon the floor and grabbed a revolver lying in an open drawer. Manuel sprang between them and caught Enrique by the wrist as the enraged youth made a longe at the

"Enrique, what are you doing? Listen to me!" he said in an authoritative tone. De Vargas' face was black with passion He exerted his full strength and wrenched himself free. He struck out victously and the blow fell upon Manuel's neck. A sittle stream of blood trickled down the injured man's shirt front, while from a vein spouted a tiny crimson spouv as perfumed waters are forced from atomizers

"For the love of God, Enrique, stop; it is I. Manuel; seize him, some one," he called as he retreated before the infuriated youth who seemed bereft of all reason.

In the moment of excitement the deale and slipped out through a side door; the crowd fell back instead of closing in upon Enrique; no one had either the courage to seize him or attempt to check the assault As Manuel retreated he placed a chair between himself and his pursuer, but En

rique flung it aside and advanced with unlifted knife. "You cheat, you thief." His voice was choked with rage, and he gasped rathe

than uttered the words. "Are you mad, Enrique? Don't you see that it is I. Manuel?" cried the wounded man, as he sought some avenue of escape or some means of checking Enrique's mar derous advance. A small deal table was near by, and Manuel placed himself on the side of it opposite his assultant. He saw that rage and drink combined had madden ed Enrique beyond the power of reason. To attempt to disarm him without injury to one or both seemed impossible, and Manuel's only desire was to escape from the place until Enrique should come to his sensor With this purpose in view he attempted to circle around the table, expecting Earlque o follow him, but instead of doing this I'm rique with the supernatural strength born of rage leaned over the table. Manuel's only chance to escape was gone; there was n place for him to retreat except to a corne

Again he called to Enrique to stop and there was a warning tone in his voice. Eack in the far end of the dinly-lighted room, where the spectators could not plainly see what took place, they clashed. The encounter lasted but a moment and this time it was Enrique who fell back. There was a gaping wound in his neck near the shoulder blade and his left hand was clasped to his side, indicating that he had received a second wound. He clutched at the deal table for support as he steaded himself, Manuel passed him. Enrique's expression had undergone a complete change. His roge had reached its climax in blows and reaction had set in. He was calmer and seemed to be dazed. He tossed his knife backward over his head and it fell sticking upright in the floor.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "What have I done? Did I strike you, Manuel?" Acress Manuel's right hand, in addition to the wound in his neck, was a streak of red from which the blood flowed down his fingers, mingling with that of Enrique on the blave of his knife, and dripping

them, and one undertook a brief explanation. "Forgive me, brother," weakly gasped

the effort was too great. He reded and I tall grass that grew on the bank would have fallen, but Manuel, dropping his knife, caught him and let him down At the teginning of the affray one of

found that official in company of a young physician, an American, and informed them of what was taking place in the saloon.

As Manuel bent over Enrique the sheriff and doctor entered the place.

people know."

his limbs were getting weak. "Some one should notify his people," said the doctor, as he again gave his at-tention to the unconscious Eurique, "he may recover and he may die." "I will tell them," said Manuel. "Have him taken to the hotel and I will let his

of blood was checked none too soon,

He bent over the prostrate man, and his eyes filled with tears. Then his emotion overcame him, and he kissed Enrique on the cheek. "My brother, my brother," he exclaimed in a choked voice as he arose, "Mother of God, spare He walked with uncertain to the door, and then summoning all his strength, drew himself erect and stepped out onto the street.

Some minutes after the doctor said, re ferring to Manuel. "He seems to be weak, and it is possible he may not be able to reach home. Some of you men had better ride out and notify Don Antonio of what has happened."

Two Mexicans, who stood in great aw of Don Antonio, and yet were ever ready to serve him on account of his generosity, olunteered at once to get their horses.

Manuel was weaker timm he seemed to be He had lost a great deal of blood, and be-fore he had reached the plaza, where he had left his horse, he was obliged to sit lown reveral times. When at least he had eached the plaza, and while he was preparing to mount, two men passed him. They were talking of the affray in the saloon. It was too dark for Manuel to see their faces, but he could plainly hear what they said.

"That fellow is going to die," said one. "No hope for him," said the other, "he

the sandy road. Manuel exerted all his strength and gained his feet. There was an expression of horror on his face as he for Manuel's face had become pallid and gazed after the horsemen.

"Enrique dead!" be exclaimed. For some nutes he stood completely dazed leaning against his horse. His first impulse was to follow Don Antonio; then he thought of Alcaria. She also knew that Enrique was dead. He would go to her and comfort dead. He would go to her and comfort her. No, she would not understand that her brother aloffe was responsible for the tragedy; she would blame only Manuel, her lover, her betrothed; in her eyes he sald be a murderer. Emotional and pa sionate as she was by nature, in the first burst of mingled grief and wrath her love for hira would perish, as tender vegetation shrivels and dies when touched by the bot breath of the Solano.

Such were the thoughts of Manuel a he put forth all his strength and mounted his impatient broncho, which, beddent to the guiding pressure of the rein against its neck and stong by the sharp barbs of a spur, set off at a brisk gallop-not in the direction of Don Antonio's ranch, nor yet back to the town, but straight toward the high mesa to the north. It was with the feeling of a fugitive hotly pursued that Manue urged on his horse; yet he was not flee-ing from the law-to defend one's life is not a crime; not from the wrath of Don Antonio and the de Vargas kinsmenhis own kinsmen were equally numerous and powerful-but from her he loved best, and now feared most in all the world-Alcaria. He dared not look into her wet eyes and see them flash with batred when she beheld him; he dared not touch her with hands stained with her brother's blood; with the knife strokes that defended his life was dying when we left the place. Of he and siain her love-and so he rode course, the doctor didn't like to say so, on toward the north, as a madman might he and slain her love-and so he rode



His Voice Rose Almost to a Scream.

but anyone could see that he didn't have any hope for the young fellow. He'll be dead before Salazar can get to Don Antomo's ranch."

"I wendin'tlike to be in Salazar's place," said the first speaker. "If old Don Antonio don't shoot him, be'll get out his ns and bang him."

Manuel mounted his horse and the estive broncho dashed off in the direction of home. The rider could not long stand the rapid pace and it required all his strength to check the speed of the Wiry hitle beast. At the end of two miles Manuel had become so weak that he feared to allow the horse to proceed faster than a walk. At the end of the third mile be The special ors nervously gathered around could scarrely keep his sent in the saddle, and for tear that he would fall from his herse he rode several paces off the road Earique. He tried to extend his hand, but and dismounted beside an acequia. The soft and restful couch. He soon felt that he was strong enough to resume the ourney; it was now but a short distance to Don Antonio's: the conversation of the two meniu the plaza recurred to him. was dying, perhaps, and he was loitering by the wayside. He must up and hurry

> A faint sound reached his cars from the west-the direction in which he was traveling-the hoof-beats of a horse in a swift

Manuel Caught Him and Let Him Down Gently to the Floor.

gallop-then came another-three-four

five, until it became impossible for him to

tell the number. As they came nearer the

swift gallop quickened into a mad race.

Manuel raised his head as the horsemer

came into sight; the leader of the party

loudly urged his steed into a break-neck

pace, and Manuel recognized the voice of

Don Antonio de Vargas. The well-nigh

exhausted man on the bank of the acequia

made an effort to hall them, but the clatter

old Don and twenty of his retainers rushed

by in the darkness. Manuel could not see

the mingled look of anguish and hatred on

the face of Don Antonio, nor could be ob-

serve that all the riders were heavily armed.

As they dashed by him he indistinctly

heard their voices in sharp, broken sen

tences But two words clearly reached his

The noise of hoofs quickly died away on

ears: "Enrique-dead."

of hoofs drowned his weak voice as th

"Lo siento, bermano," (I am sorry,

brother) came feebly from the lips of En-

While the doctor dressed the wounds of

the unconscious man the sheriff made in-

quiries regarding the affair. All reports

agree that Manuel had but defended him-

self, and so the sheriff decided. "If Senor

de Vargas should die," he said, "Senor

Manuel knelt beside the doctor as the

latter dressed Enrique's wounds, and the

little stream of blood from the punctured

artery in his neck fell on the American's

that is not stopped," said the young

physician. "Stand up here and let me

"attend to him," pointing to Enrique.

"It's only a scratch," was the reply,

But the doctor insisted and the spray

"Why, man, you'll bleed to death if

rique, and then he fainted.

Salaza will not run away."

bands.

have ridden pursued by the phantoms of torture-racked brain

Three years later a shepherd youth pre ented hunself to the Provincial of the ociety of Jesus at Santa Fe, and sought mission to the order. He was vouched for by his parish priest, who told the aged bend of the province that of all his acquaintance, this youth, Ramon Sancher the most devotional. Thus it was that Manuel Salazar, fleeing from the world, closed upon himself the door of a sacred retreat and felt that he was safe not only for a time, but for eternity. the brothers' college none was more studious

none more realous that Ramon At the end of the long and severe cours of training, the time came for Ramon to go back to the world. He returned to it even more willingly than he had left it; all the enthusiasm of his nature was aroused to do the will of God: he had lost a bride and found a mother in the church. in his heart had healed; the sainess of his worldly sorrow had left him and he looked upon life as with new eves and entered again into the affairs of the world with a new and higher purpose.

Padre Ramon was assigned to the parish of El Rito among the class of people he ved a community of shepherds, in the dregs of poverty without realization of it, and consequently without the pangs that come to those who have nothing and desire much. And not gentler were these shep herds of four-footed flocks than was this shepherd of men. He drew inspiration from their simple, uncomplaining lives, and wore n his easy shoe the four-leaf clover of sweet content."

Not quite a year had Padre Ramon beer at El Rito when he received a summons from the provincial to come to Sante Fe in baste. Padre barnessed the mules, and together he and the padre set out. It was night when they reached the city of Holy Faith. It was Pedro's first introduction into life outside of the little collection of mud buts he called his native plaza, and his attention was diverted from his mules by even such poor sights as the country ath may see in the New Mexican capital A buil was in progress in a house several streets distant from the Provincial residence, and as Pedro and his mules were opposite the place the door of the house was suddenly opened to admit a new arrival. The mules were no more used to urban sounds than Pedro was to urban sights, and as the discordant strains of violins, guitars and horns smote their ears than they plunged furiously to the other side of the street, one fore-wheel struck a large rock, the vehicle was upset and the frightened animals ran wild! toward the center of the town. Pedro an agile youth, alighted on his feet, and had sufficient presence of mind to think first of the padre. The good priest was lying upon his back in the middle of the road.

'Are you burt, padre?" anxiously inquired the boy; but there was no re-sponse. Pedro tried to arouse the unconscious priest, but without success, and fearing that the good father had been killed he alarmed the dancers at the ball. The padre was carried to the Jesuit hospital near by. Beside the mjury to his head, which had rendered him ouconscious, the priest had a dislocated shoul der. It would be several days before he would be out again.

While Padre Ramon was under the infinence of opiates his shoulder was put in place, and he remained in a deep sleep for several hours. When he awoke, a nurse in the garb of a sister, was by his "The doctor said you were to drink

this when you awakened," she said, passing him a cooling draught. "I will send Sister Manuella to dress the wound on your head." She went noiselessly from the room and in a few moments Sister Manuella

She carried a fresh bandage in her hand, which she placed on a table, and then approached the bed. "I am Sister Manuella," she said, "and I am come to dress the wound on your head. Does it give you much pain?"

Padre Ramon was silent. His face was

as white as the virgin sheet on which he

entered.

me?' A long indrawn breath, the trembling of lips and hands betokened the agitation

de, and stretched forth her hand to undo the bandage on his head. "Alcaria," he gasped, "do you not know

lay; his eyes were wide and staring:

Sister Manuella took a seat by the bed

of the nun. 'Manuel, is it you?" she asked in a faint voice, sweeter in cadence than he had eve

"Oh, Alcaria, my lost --- " "Stop, padre; be quiet," came the in-

junction in a calm voice; "you must not excite yourself; the doctor said that excitement might bring on delirium."

"Do you not fear to touch me?" "No."

"I never hated anyone," was the calm "You must be quiet while I re reply. ove the bandage," and her trembling fingers touched the blood-stained cloth that bound the padre's head. You understand you know that it was

"Do you not hate me?"

but to defend my life. I struck him down-him I loved as a brother-killed him-' "I fear for you padre," said the gentle voice as Manuella unwound the bandage

'the excitement is dangerous; be calm-Enrique lives." With a violent motion that roughly tore the bandage from his wound, which bled afresh, Padre Ramon sat upright in the bed; his voice rose almost to a scream as

he repeated the words; "Enrique lives Mother of God, I thank Thee. He stretched upward his arms and fell

back upon the pillow in a swoon. (To be concluded.)

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Germantown, Pa., Was Once the Capital of the Country.

A pupil in the boys' grammar school, or Lafayette street, Germantown, was asked by his teacher this week "when the first Congress occupied the Germantown Academy, located on West School lane?" It was a puzzle, of course, to the young scholar, who was at a loss to and anything in print verifying such an event. The facts, however, from which the false impresson has frequently obtained are as follows The Government of the United States was first inaugurated in New York in 1789, but by act of Congress Philadelphia was made se capital of the nation from 1799 until 1800. In 1793 the yellow fever became epidemic in this city, and it was in October of that year that the governor of Pennsylvania asked the board of trustees to acammodate the House of Assembly, and a ollar request for quarters came from

ongress At the November meeting following the oard proffered to Congress the choice of the school buildings, but there is no minute evidence to show that Congress accepted the generous offer. At this time Wash ington resided in Germantown, and the town was spoken of as the government place of the State and also of the United States. Jefferson, then Secretary of State and Randolph, Attorney General, occupied the building, some years ago torn down to extend the site on which the nationa bank now stands, at Main street and School lane. So, with Washington Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph re siding in Germantown, it is not strang that the conclusion should be formed that Congress was in session at the time. Alhad the honor of accommodating Congress, a few years later, in 1798, when the yellow fever made its appearance again in this city, the banks of North America and of Pennsylvania did find a temporary place of safety in the old academy.--Philadelphia Record.

## A CASE OF BLUFF.

This Fatal Spirit of Obstinacy Caused Two Men to Be Snowed Under.

The last three miles of the road lead Dead Man's Gap, which was a narrow valley in the mountains, and at least once every winter there was sure to be snow slide which buried the trail from ten to twenty feet deep. We were going up from Franklin City with the pack mules, one day in January, when a chinool and mean much from they are narrow part of the valley we came across two men who had camped down within ten rods of each other. They were typica men of the border-prospectors, miners and angers-on, but meeting them where did was such a surprise that the colonel halted to say

"You men must be more than fools to camp down here. If there's a snow slide you'll be buried twenty feet deep at the first rush."

"Stranger." replied one of the men, as he ran his eye up the mountain side,"Tve bin expectin' a snow slide every minit since noon yisterday, but it's not fur me to make the fust move. It's a game of bluff betwixt me and that galoot over thar', and I won't give in to him.'

"Stranger." said the other man, as he dvanced a pace or two, "I was comin" down this pass yisterday, when I met that old critter goin' up. I was in a hurr to git along and so was be, but as we nee he sorter grinned at me and kinder flung out that I was afeared. I kinder flung back that no mortal varmint on the face

The Hertford-Wallace Collection Is Worth \$7.500,000.

MILLIONS IN PAINTING.

The celebrated Hertford-Wallace collection of pictures bequeathed to the British nation by Lady Wallace is estimated to be worth \$7,500,000. Her magnanimity, says the Boston Transcript, is all the more noteworthy because she was struck off the queen's visiting list

many years ago. Sit Richard Wallace died on July 20, 1890, leaving behind him the most famous art collection of any Englishman. The whole of Sir Richard's great wealth and the peerless collection of pictures, which includes ulneteen examples of Meissonier and fifteen of Greuze, were given to his wife for her own free dis-

Prior to his death, however, he expressed his wishes to his wife that after



There is a nest of thrushes in the glen:
When we come back we'll see the glad
young things."
He said. We came not by that way again.
And Time and thrushes fare on eager Wings.

You rose"-she smiled-"but no; when We return
I'll pinck it then." 'Twas on a summer
day.
The asless of the rose in Autumn's urn Lie hidden well. We came not back that way.

We do not-pass the selfsame way again. Or, passing by that way, no thing we find

snow up there ready to fall and bury this pasat'

"Jest so," replied No. 1, "but I kin sot yere as long as he kin." "And I'll see it out if it takes all winter," added the other.

The colonel argued and appealed, but neither would be the first to give way. They had gone in for a game of bluff, and their pride was at stake. When it was en that talking would do no good, we rode on and left them, and, looking back at the next turn of the trail, we saw them seated in their blankets facing each other and waiting for a sign of weakness. A mile higher up the pack-saddle of one of the mules turned, and the animal floun-dered about and went off the path and down the slope. A great mass of snow went with bim, and in a ndnute a slide was started. Away it went, booming, spreading out and gathering force every second, and while we stood looking on there was a rumbling as of thunder, a crash that could be heard for miles, and Dead Man's Pass was filled from end to end with snow and tocks and splintered trees.

"Bluffin" is all right when you are bluffin' agin a man," said the colonel, as we rode on, "but when it comes to bluffin' a snow shide, jest count me out and call me a crawfish."

Asit before had been: but dearth, or stain Hath come upon it, or the wasteful wind

The very earth is envious, and her arms

Reach for the beauty that detained our eyes;
Yea, it is just beyond the aid of charms,
If, once within our grasp, we leave the prize!

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's Through Life's fair fields say not, "Another day
This joy I'll prove;" for never, as I

Never shall we con EDITH M. THOMAS. Way!

A GENTEEL AFFAIR.

How Mr. Scott Met a Stranger Named Richards. One day a stranger came into our camp at Yuba Bend, and after looking about for a while he approached a miner named Scots and bowed and smiled, and inquired:

"Kin you inform me if thar' is a gentleman in this yere camp-a reg'lar gen

"Thar' be," promptly replied Mr. Scott, as he drew himself up.
"I'm glad to b'ar it. I'm from the camp

down at Dead Hill. They told me down that' that I couldn't find a gentleman up here." "And who be yo'?" demanded Scott. "I'm a gentleman, sah-a reg'lar gen tleman, and I'm delighted to meet yo'

My cognomen to Richards. As a gentle you must know the meaning of the word cognomen."

"In course I do," repfied Scott, who had never heard the word before in his life. "Hev yo' any pertickler objeck in view?" "I hev. As a gentleman I would like to hev a little scrimmage with another gentleman. Yo' hev said yo' was a gen-tleman, and I'm gentleman 'nuff to take

"Want a scrimmage, ch?"

yo'r word fur it."



A Fight Between Gentlemen.

"I do. my if yo' kin accommodate me Scott had had a dozen different rows in amp and always came off first best, and the idea of a scrap with a stranger struck him favorably. Hethought the matterover

for a minute, and then said: "I don't see no objeckshims to a scrim mage, bein' as yo' ar' bankerin' arter one. but as a gentleman speskin' to another gentleman it is my dooty to warn ye that I'm a powerful fighter."

"That's lovely of yo'," smiled the stran ger. "On my part I must warn yo' that 1 shall lick ye outer yer butes inside of three minits. Gentlemen should always here a flar understandin in advance." "Would it be agin the manners of a

centiemen if I called ye a bluffer?" asked Scott, as he began pecling off. "Not under the surcumstances," replied the stranger. "I was jest about to ob sarve that ye was a duffer, an' I hope ye'll take no offense.

"None at all, but ye ar' a blamed "Thanks, and ye ar' the same! I will now divest myself of my apparel and pul-

vertze ye like a gentien: "I'm ready!" We talked about the fight for months afterward. The two came together and heaved and struggled for a minute, and the stranger broke away and gave Mr. Scott a rap on the jaw which sent him to grass and put him to sleep at the same time. It was over in no time, and the stranger bowed and smiled right and left and said to the camp:

"Give the gentleman my compliments when he wakes up, and tell him that I hope that will be no hard feelin's. I'm n a bit of a hurry or I'd stop and tell him myself. As a gentleman I bid yo'

He was half a mile a way when Mr. Scott ened his eyes and wanted to know what ad happened.

"Ye've bin licked," replied one of the DOYS. "Who did it?"

"A feller as said he was a gentleman and yo' was another."
"Yas, I remember, and durn his hide," groaned the man, as he sat up and held his jaw. "Say, now, the, next time a feller comes along here and wants to know if we've got a gentleman in camp ye jist holler and let me hide among the rocks, for

I've gone outer the bizness to stay?' America's Great Crop of Hay.

The production of American hay amounted to 65,000,000 tons in 1893, 55,000,000 tons in 1894, 47,000,000 tons in 1895 and 43,000,000 tons in 1896. In other words, the production of hay has declined one third in four years, and there has been a considerable, though not correspondingly large, decline in the market value of the cropduring the four years succeeding 1892 .-

## This Cat Goes Hunting.

the roundhouse, where a railroad man men made a practice of shooting birds for it, and now the cut will follow for a mile or more any man who carries a gun, and at sound of a shot will run for the shot will run for the



"And you followed suit?" queried the | be carried out she arranged several years

"I had to or chaw my words. He's an ole bluffer, but he can't skeer me off." "As to bluffin'," said the other, "Bill Wharton, which is me, has never bin outbluffed by anythin' on two legs or four, and it's too late to begin to crawfish now If that old galoot kin stand a snowslide he'll find me right alongside of him to the

"You both realize the danger, do you?" asked the colonel.

"We do," they replied, in chorus, "There's tens of thousands of tons The magnificent Heriford collection

comprised, when it passed into Sir Richard Wallace's hands, a splendid assortment of paintings, porcelains, bronzes, decorative furniture, jewelry, and other works of art. His own purchases during the past thirty years included many of the choicest examples of old Japanese art, which he was one of the first to bring to the attention of European coanoisseurs; of the masters of the Italian Renaissance, notable the productions in silver of Benventuno Celini and his immediate fol-

Pittsburg Dispatch.

There is a cat that goes bunting at

placed it to get warm one day when found it half frozen in the street. lowers, and of modern French painters. | bird.-Indianapolis News-